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FOR SALE.
1317 Jefferson street, good four room house, first-class location. Price \$1,700.
Large corner lot, N. E. corner 9th and Adams, two good houses, sewer connections, rents \$31 per month. Price on whole only \$3,000.

Come now for spring selection of vacant home building lots. Can give choice of more than 1,000 at any price and terms wanted, and in any and all parts of city.

Have a few more Fountain Park lots on monthly payments. Soon all be gone.

Have 10½ acres well located in the county for transportation and market, to swap at \$350 as first payment, of 4 room house worth \$800 to \$1,000.

Two houses, one 5 and other 4 rooms, rent at \$12 and \$10 month, at corner 6th and Boyd streets, will sell singly or both together and give good offer either way.

No. 226 Kentucky Avenue. Good business property. Rents at \$35.00 per month—price on easy payments, \$3,100.
1311 Broadway. Large house and large lot. Good property, at \$4,500.

New house—5 rooms and hall—Fountain Park, Harrison St., west of Fountain Avenue. Price \$12,500.

New house—4 rooms, hall, bath. No. residence; 50 foot lot, on Monroe St. between 12th and 13th, at \$15,000.

1000 vacant lots for sale—all parts of city, and prices from \$50 to \$750.

Three 3-room houses on North 12th street between Boyd and Barnett, at \$700 each, on easy monthly payments.

Fountain Park 2-room house on 50-foot lot, in best neighborhood, at \$25.

No. 1301 Broadway, 5 room house, bath, corner lot, fronting 84 feet on Broadway. Choice property, anxious to sell. See me for particulars and get a good thing.

No. 305 North Seventh street, lot 115 by 165 feet to alley, 12-room house, very choice property in city. At price to make sale. See me if you want best thing to be had.

No. 1111 Jefferson street, good 7-room modern house at \$3,500, on very easy payments.

Six room house, 57 foot 9 inch corner lot, southeast corner Seventh and Harrison street, very best part of city, at \$3,500, on easy payments.

One of the best houses in Rowlandtown, 1353 Langstaff avenue, 4 rooms, in fine condition, corner lot, shade, price \$850, half cash.

Very desirable offer in home in Acadia at \$3,000, on easy payments. See me for details.

Come right along if you want farm loans at 6 per cent, as have plenty. All classes of property in every part of the city of which a few samples are here given.

First class business property on Third Street near Broadway. Ask for details.
Four room house and vacant lot, 76 feet in all, at southwest corner Seventh and Humboldt Streets, bargain at \$850.

6 PER CENT FARM LOANS.
Plenty of money to loan at 6 per cent on farms, 10 years' time. Interest payable annually.

355 feet, Clay between Eleventh and Twelfth streets, three brick houses, sell whole, ground vacant by foot, or the houses as whole or singly. Ask prices as wanted.

Good eight room house, 60 foot lot sewerage in both bathroom and kitchen. South side Jefferson streets between Ninth and Tenth streets. Excellent home on easy payments in best residence part of city. Price \$5,000.

No. 1740 Harrison street—in Fountain Park—new four room, nice house, foot lot at \$1,000, or this with adjoining vacant 50 foot lot \$1,200.

Have money at all times at 6 per cent for ten years' time to loan on farm mortgages.

No. 1105 Clay St. near corner 11th, nice 4-room brick house at \$1,000.

Two houses on one lot at northwest corner of Ninth and Ohio streets, total rents \$20.50 per month. Price \$2050 Easy payments.

No. 520 North Sixth street, rented by year to prompt paying tenant at \$35 per month. Price \$4,000.

No. 1036 Monroe street, excellent five room house, 50 foot lot, very desirable home in first class neighborhood. Price \$1,950.

Fifty lots in Fountain Park at prices from \$125 to \$1,000, terms \$10 cash and \$5 monthly payments.

Several corner lots on Clay street with joining inside lots to go with corner ones if desired.

W. M. JAMES
525 B'Wav, Paducah, Ky
Old Phone 1487 A.

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Must Bear Signature of
Wm. Carter
See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below.

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CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.
FOR HEADACHE. FOR DIZZINESS. FOR BILIOUSNESS. FOR TORPID LIVER. FOR CONSTIPATION. FOR SALLLOW SKIN. FOR THE COMPLEXION.
CURE SICK HEADACHE.

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In addition to the numerous facilities provided for the comfort and pleasure of Florida travelers, the Southern Railway and Queen & Crescent Route have this year added a new and unusually attractive feature in the form of a variable route tourist ticket, by means of which, at a slight additional expense, the going trip may be made via Chattanooga, Atlanta and Macon and the return trip via Savannah, Columbia, Asheville, Hot Springs and Knoxville—or vice versa—including stop off, if desired, at all of these and other points, so that a passenger may visit Lookout Mountain, the beautiful "Sapphire Country" the "Land of the Sky" and the principle commercial centers and tourist resorts en route.

The "Chicago and Florida Special" a superb train composed of through Pullman Drawing Room sleepers, composite car and dining car, leaves Cincinnati every evening except Sunday, via the Queen & Crescent Route. A handsome observation sleeper leaving Louisville at 7:35 p. m., is attached to the "Special" at Lexington, and this train then runs through solid via Southern railway from Chattanooga to Jacksonville and St. Augustine, arriving at 9:30 p. m. and 10:35 p. m., respectively the next evening, making connection at Jacksonville for interior Florida points.

The "Florida Limited" leaves Cincinnati every morning the year around via the Queen & Crescent Route connecting at Lexington with the Southern railway trains from Louisville. This train also runs through solid to Jacksonville and St. Augustine via Southern Railway from Chattanooga carrying sleeping cars, observation and dining car, arriving at 9:45 a. m. and 11:15 a. m., respectively.

The Q. & C. "Special" leaving Cincinnati every evening carries Pullman sleeper through to Jacksonville via Southern railway from Harrison Jet through Asheville, the "Land of the Sky" and Savannah. This train also connects at Lexington with train from Louisville.

There is of course corresponding fine service via each of these routes on the return trip. Either of the following booklets will be sent on receipt of two cent stamp "Land of the Sky," "Winter Homes, containing hotel list," "Hunting and Fishing in the South," containing game laws, Cuba folder, etc.

Complete information as to rates, schedules, etc., will be gladly furnished on application to C. H. Hungerford, D. P. A. Southern railway, 234 Fourth Avenue, Louisville, Ky.

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The Gentleman From Indiana

By BOOTH TARKINGTON

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The editor blushed. "Why, who would, dear, if not a woman or a speculator, and I'm not a speculator, and neither are you, and that's the reason you didn't think of them. So, Mr. Parker, as there is so much pressure, and if you don't mind continuing to act as reporter as well as compositor until after tomorrow, and if it isn't too wet—you must have an umbrella—would it be too much bother if you went around to all the shops—stores, I mean—to all the grocers and the butchers and the leather place we passed, the tannery, and if there's one of those places where they bring cattle, would it be too much to ask you to stop there—and at the drug store—and you must take a blank book and a sharpened pencil, and will you price everything, please, and for down how much things are?"

Orders received, the impetuous Parker was departing on the instant when she stopped him with a little cry. "But you haven't any umbrella!" And she forced her own, a slender wand, upon him. "It bore a cunningly wrought handle, and its fabric was of glistening silk. The foreman, unable to decline it, thanked her awkwardly, and as she turned to speak to Fiske he bolted out of the door and ran down the steps without unfolding the umbrella, and then as he made for Mr. Martin's emporium he buttoned it securely under his long Prince Albert, determined that not a drop of water should touch and ruin so delicate a thing. Thus he carried it, triumphant, dry, through the course of his reportings of that day.

When he had gone the editor laid her hand on Fiske's arm. "Dear," she said, "do you think you'd take cold if you went over to the hotel and made a note of all the arrivals for the last week and the departures too? I noticed that Mr. Harkless always filled two or three sticks, isn't it?—with them and things about them, and somehow it 'read' very nicely. You must ask the landlord all about them, and if there aren't any, we can take up the same amount of space highlighting the dull times, just as he used to. You see, I've read the Herald faithfully. Isn't it a good thing I always subscribed for it?" She patted Fiske's cheek with her soft hand, and laughed gaily into his mild, vague old eyes. "It won't be this scramble to 'fill up' much longer. I have plans, gentlemen, and before long will print news, and we must buy 'plate matter' instead of patent insides; and I had a talk with the Associated Press people in London, but that's for after while. And I went to the hospital this morning before I left. They wouldn't let me see him again, but they told me all about him, and he's better, and I got Tom to go to the jail, and he saw some of those beasts, and I can do a column of description besides an editorial about them, and I will be there enough to suit you, you will believe that. And I've been talking to Senator Burns—'thirt' 'sk, 'listening to Senator Burns, which is much stupider—and I think I can do an article on national politics. I'm not very well up on local issues yet, and I—" She broke off suddenly. "There, I think we can get out tomorrow's number without any trouble. By the time you get back from the hotel, father, I'll have half my staff written—written up," I mean. Take your big umbrella and go, dear, and please ask at the express office if a typewriter has come for me."

She laughed again with sheer delight, like a child, and ran to a corner and got the cotton umbrella and placed it in the old man's hand. As he reached the door she called after him, "Wait!" and went to him and knelt before him and, with the humblest, proudest grace in the world, turned up his trousers to keep them from the mud. Ross Schofield had never considered Mr. Fiske a particularly sacred sort of person, but he did from that moment. The old man made some timid protest at the girl's action, but she answered: "The great ladies used to buckle the Chevalier Bayard's spurs for him, and you're a great deal nicer than the Chevalier. You haven't any rubbers! I don't believe any of you have any rubbers!" And not until both Fiske and Mr. Schofield had promised to purchase overshoes at once and in the meantime not to step in any puddles would she let the former depart upon his errand. He crossed the square with the strangest, jauntiest step ever seen in Plattville. Solomon Tibbs had a warm argument with Miss Selma as to his identity, Miss Selma maintaining that the figure under the big umbrella—only the legs and coat tails were visible to them—was that of a stranger, probably an Englishman.

In the Herald office the editor turned, smiling, to the paper's remaining vassal. "Mr. Schofield, I heard some talk in Rowen of an oil company that had been formed to prospect for kerosene in Carlow county. Do you know anything about it?"

Ross, surfeited with honor, terror, and possessed by a sweet distress at finding himself tete-a-tete with the lady, looked at the wall and replied, "Oh, it's that Eph Watts' foolishness."

"Do you know if they have begun to dig for it yet?"

"Ma'am," said Ross.

"Have they begun the diggings yet?" "No, ma'am, I think not. They've got a contraption fixed up about three mile south. I don't reckon they've begun yet, hardly. They're getting the machinery in place. I heard Eph say they'd begin to bore—dig, I mean, ma'am; I meant to say dig." He stopped, utterly confused and unbalanced, and she understood his main purpose and knew him for a gentleman whom she liked.

"You mustn't be too much surprised," she said, "but in spite of my ignorance about such things I mean to devote a good deal of space to the oil company. It may come to be of great importance to Carlow. We won't go into it in tomorrow's paper beyond an item or so, but do you think you could possibly find Mr. Watts and ask him for some information as to their progress and if it would be too much trouble for him to call here tomorrow afternoon or the day after? I want him to give me an interview if he will. Tell him, please, he will very greatly oblige us."

"Oh, he'll come all right," answered her companion quickly. "I'll take Tibbs buggy and go down there right off. Eph won't lose no time getting here." And with this encouraging assurance he was flying forth when he, like the others, was detained by her solicitous care. She was a born mother. He protested that in the buggy he would be perfectly sheltered. Besides, there wasn't another umbrella about the place. He liked to get wet anyway, had always loved rain. The end of it was that he went away in a sort of tremor wearing his rain cloak over his shoulders, which garment, as it covered its owner completely when she wore it, hung almost to his knees. He darted around a corner, and there, breathing deeply, tenderly removed it, then borrowing paper and cord at a neighboring store, wrapped it neatly and stole back to the printing office, on the ground floor of the Herald building, and left Tibbs, charging him to care for it as for his own life and not to open it, but if the lady so much as set one foot out of doors before his return to hand it to her with the message, "He borrowed another of J. Harkless'."

Left alone, the lady went to the desk and stood for a time looking gravely at Harkless' chair. She touched it gently, as she had touched it once before that morning, and then she spoke to it as if he were sitting there and as she would not have spoken had he been sitting there.

"You didn't want gratitude, did you?" she whispered, with sad lips. Soon she smiled at the blue ribbon, patted the chair gaily on the back and, seizing upon pencil and pad, dashed into her work with rare energy. She bent low over the desk, her pencil moving rapidly. She seemed loath to pause for breath. She had covered many sheets when Fiske returned, and as he came in softly in order not to disturb her she was so deeply engrossed that she did not hear him, nor did she look up when Parker entered, but pursued the formulation of her fast flying ideas with the same single purpose and abandon. So the two men sat and waited while their callousness wrote absently. At last she glanced up and made a little startled exclamation at seeing them there and then gave them cheery greetings. Each placed several scribbled sheets before her, and she, having first assured herself that Fiske had bought his overshoes, and having expressed a fear that Mr. Parker had found her umbrella too small, as he looked damp (and indeed he was damp), cried praises on their notes and offered the reporters great applause.

"It is all so splendid!" she cried. "How could you do it so quickly? And in the rain too! It is just what we need. I've done most of the things I mentioned, I think, and made a draft of some plans for hereafter. Doesn't it seem to you that it would be a good notion to have a woman's page—'For Feminine Readers' or 'Of Interest to Women'—once a week?"

"A woman's page!" exclaimed Fiske. "I could never have thought of that. Could you, Mr. Parker?"

Before that day was over system had been introduced, and the Herald was running on it, and all that warm rainy afternoon the editor and Fiske worked in the editorial rooms. Parker and Bud and Mr. Schofield (after his return with the items and a courteous message from Ephraim Watts) bent over the forms downstairs, and Uncle Xenophon was cleaning the storeroom and scrubbing the floor. An extraordinary number of errands took the various members of the printing force up to see the editor in chief, literally to see the editor in chief. It was hard to believe that the presence had not down, hard to keep believing without the repeated testimony of sight that the dingy room upstairs was actually the setting for their jewel, and a jewel they swore she was. The printers came down chuckling and gurgling after each interview. It was partly the thought that she belonged to the Herald, their paper. Once Ross, chuckling, looked up and caught the foreman giggling to himself.

"What in the name of common sense you laughin' at, Cale?" he asked.

"What are you laughin' at?" rejoined the other.

"I dunno!"

The day wore on, wet and dreary outside, but all within the Herald's bosom was snug and busy and murmurous with the healthy thrum of life and prosperity renewed. Toward 6 o'clock, system accomplished, the new guiding spirit was deliberating on a policy, as Harkless would conceive a policy were he there, when Minnie Briscoe ran joyously up the stairs, plunged into the room waterproofed and radiant and caught her friend in her eager arms and put an end to policy for that day.

But policy and labor did not end at twilight every day. There were evenings, as in the time of Harkless, when lamps shone from the upper windows of the Herald building; for the little editor worked hard, and sometimes she worked late; she always worked early. She made some mistakes at first and one or two blunders which she took much more seriously than any one else did. But she found a remedy for all such results of her inexperience, and she developed experience. She set at her task with the energy of her youthfulness and no limit to her ambition, and she felt that Harkless had prepared the way for a wide expansion of the paper's interests, wider than he knew. She brought a fresh point of view to operate in a situation where he had fallen perhaps too much in the rut, and she watched every chance with a keen eye and looked ahead of her with clear foresight. What she waited and yearned for and dreaded was the time when a copy of the new Herald should be placed in the trembling hands of the man who lay in the Rowen hospital. Then she felt if he, unaware of her identity as he was and as he was to be kept, should place everything in her hands unreservedly, that would be a tribute to her work. And how hard she would labor to deserve it!

After a time she began to see that as her representative and editor of the Herald she had become a factor in district politics. It took her breath, but with a gasp of delight, for there was something she wanted to do.

Rodney McCune had lifted his head, and the friends of his stricken enemy felt that they and the cause that Harkless had labored for were lost with out the leader, for the old ring that the Herald had beaten rallied around McCune. "The boys were in line again." Every one knew that Halloway, a dull but honest man, the most available material that Harkless had been able to find, was already beaten. If John Harkless had been "on the ground to work for him," it was said, Halloway could have received the nomination again, but as matters stood he was beaten and beaten badly, and Rodney McCune would sit in congress, for nomination meant election.

But one afternoon the Harkless forces, demoralized, broken, hopeless, woke up to find that they had a leader. There was a political conference at Judge Briscoe's. The politicians descended sadly at the gate from the omnibuses that had met the afternoon train—Boswell and Kenting, two gentlemen of Amos, and Bence and Shannon, two others of Gaines county, to confer with Warren Smith, Tom Martin, Briscoe and Harkless' representatives, Fiske and the editor of the Herald. They entered the house gloomily, and the conference began in dejected monosyllables. But presently Minnie Briscoe, sitting on the porch pretending to sew, heard Helen's voice, clear, soft and trembling a little with excitement. She talked for only two or three minutes, but what she said seemed to stir up great commotion among the others. All the voices burst forth at once in exclamations, almost shouts. Then Minnie saw her father, seated near the window, rise and strike the table a great blow with his clenched fist. "Will I make the nominating speech?" he cried. "I'd walk from here to Rowen and back again to do it!"

"We'll swim out!" exclaimed Mr. Keating of Amos. "The wonderful thing is that nobody thought of this before. There are just two difficulties—Halloway and our man himself. He wouldn't let his name be used against Kedge. Therefore we've got to work it quietly and keep it from him."

"It's not too difficult," said the speaker's colleague, Mr. Boswell. "All we've got to do is to spring it as a surprise on the convention. Some of the old crowd themselves will be swept along with us when we make our nomination, and you want to stuff our ears with cotton. You see, all we need to do is to pass the word quietly among the Halloway people and the shaky McCune crowd. Rod may get wind of it, but you can't fix men in this district against us when they know what we mean to do now. On the first ballot we'll give Halloway every vote he'd have got if he'd run against McCune alone. It will our heads clear and our arms strong? If you will—then—" She began to blush furiously, and her voice trembled, but she lifted the glass high over her head and cried bravely, "Here's to our candidate!"

The big men, towering over her, threw back their heads and quaffed the gentle liquor to the last drop. Then they sent up the first shout of the campaign and cheered till the rafters rang.

"My friends," said Mr. Keating as he and Boswell and the men from Gaines drove away from the brick house—"my friends, here is where I begin the warmest hustling I ever did. Now, I guess we all think this is a great plan—"

"It is a glorious idea," said Mr. Bence. "The name of Harkless!"

Keating drowned the oratory: "But that isn't all. That little girl wants it to succeed, and that settles it. He goes."

That night Mr. Parker, at work in the printing office, perceived the figure of Mr. Tipworthy beckoning him mysteriously from the pavement.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

ASHEVILLE, N. C.,

Center of the Beautiful

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1537—Dismukes, Mrs. Walter, residence, 415½ Broadway.
1536—Northcott, W. P., residence, 13th and Jackson.
1535—Phillips, W. A., residence, Third and Norton.

Watch This List and See Us Grow

CORRECTED DAILY

New Directory goes to press April 15.

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The City National Bank

PADUCAH, KY.

Capital, Surplus and Undivided Profits, \$400,000.00

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